



" Prompt to improve and to invite,  
" We blend instruction with delight."

VOL. VI. [II. NEW SERIES.] HUDSON, SEPTEMBER 26, 1829.

No. 9.

### POPULAR TALES.

" To virtue if these Tales persuade,  
" Our pleasing toil is well repaid."

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.

FRANCES,

OR THE EFFECTS OF JEALOUSY.

" That's my sweet Ellen, you are a dear good girl," said Edward Melmoth, as he appeared to be taking leave, of an elegant and interesting looking female; " be faithful to your promise and *remember* to-morrow night."

" Yes, Edward, you may rely upon me," returned Ellen, and gaily kissing her hand he bade her adieu."

" What can this mean?" cried Frances Neville, who had unseen witnessed this part of their interview. A pang of jealousy shot across her heart, and she hastily turned to enter the house, ere her friend should perceive and overtake her.

Edward and Frances had long been engaged; they were ardently attached to each other, and Edward had for some time pressed Frances to name the day, from which he could date the commencement of a happiness, which he fondly supposed, would be without alloy; and she at his earnest solicitation, had *that* day, named the following Thursday for the solemnization of their nuptials, at which, he expressed such raptures, that she laughingly ordered him to leave her, with which order he reluctantly complied, and in passing through the garden met, returning from a ramble, Ellen Fitz Patrick, an intimate friend of Frances, who was at present on a visit to her, he imparted to this friend, the intelligence of his approaching happiness, who congratulated him upon the occasion, and afterwards inquired respecting a poor family, to whom they had been so fortunate as to render an essential service. He frankly confessed that his mind had that day been so engrossed by his own concerns, that he had absolutely forgotten them, but to make amends in some measure, if she would favour him with her company, he would to-morrow

evening, visit them and see what further could be done for their relief. Ellen who always delighted to succour the afflicted, gladly assented, and the conversation concluded as we have seen.

Frances upon her return to the house pleaded indisposition and retired immediately to bed, in truth (however unreasonable) the yellow eyed demon had gotten full possession of her, but ashamed to acknowledge even to herself, that she had admitted so unamiable a passion into her before peaceful bosom, she endeavoured to banish from her mind the unpleasant circumstance, but in vain; she passed a sleepless night and arose in the morning really ill. Edward, who made his appearance as early as propriety would admit, was much shocked by her pallid looks and urged her to permit a physician to be called; but this she positively refused, and exerted herself to appear as usual. Edward by his tender attentions and assiduity, soon succeeded in restoring her to some degree of tranquillity, and for a while, she wondered that she could for an instant doubt his truth; but as evening approached the idea of the appointment which she thought she had heard, once more entirely occupied her mind; at this time Edward proposed walking, with the intention of visiting the family before mentioned, as he deemed it a sacred duty never to neglect the unfortunate; but Frances hastily declined, pleading a head ache, saying, she supposed Ellen would like a walk, and she begged she might not prevent their enjoying the fresh air: they both objected to walking since she could not accompany them; but she over ruled all their objections and they set forth on their errand of mercy. They had no sooner left her, than Frances, who supposed they had been wishing for this opportunity, blamed herself for not accompanying them, and thus preventing their intended tete-a-tete. She was the child of impulse, having had the misfortune to lose her father, a brave officer, when an infant. Her mother, who though a woman of sense, had, as it respected her only child, betrayed great weak-

ness; indulging her in every wish not enduring to contradict her in the smallest trifle. Thus accustomed to the indulgence of every whim or caprice, 'tis not to be wondered at that she insensibly became somewhat passionate, though when convinced of an error, no one was more ready to acknowledge, and if possible repair it. In the present instance she gave way to her feelings without control; retiring immediately to bed to avoid seeing either of them again that night, and when Edward called the next morning she refused to see him, not deigning to assign any excuse for such extraordinary conduct. Surprised and grieved he wrote her a few lines, earnestly begging to know, wherein he had been so unhappy as to offend; to which she replied, that she had been reflecting upon their engagement, and had come to the conclusion that it would be better broke than kept, as she was convinced his affection for her was not such as would make her happy. Edward upon the perusal of this strange, and to him inexplicable billet felt hurt beyond expression; he thought his long and tried attachment met but an ill return, and was really offended with Frances, for the first time in his life. As hasty as herself, in forming his resolutions, he wrote a cold assent and formal adieu, determined to travel, and if possible banish from his mind, one, who had thus trifled with his feelings. When every thing was ready, he called upon Mrs. Neville and informed her that her daughter had repented of her engagement, which was now at an end; and thanking her for her politeness and attention to himself, acquainted her that he was about leaving the kingdom, and it was uncertain when he should return. Mrs. Neville was both shocked and surprised, and endeavoured to persuade him that her daughter could not intend what she had written; but with a melancholy though determined air, he told her she probably deceived herself, at any rate, he considered his dismissal peremptory. Leaving his best wishes for Ellen, who had rode out, Frances still feigning indisposition to avoid her, and wringing the old lady's hand, he bid her a hasty adieu. Ellen returned soon after, and was informed by Mrs. Neville, of the situation of affairs as far as she was acquainted with them, which equally astonished and perplexed them both.

Edward Melmoth was the youngest son of Sir Robert Melmoth of Devonshire, who resided but a few miles from the seat of Mrs. Neville. Sir Robert and Col. Neville, had been fellow soldiers in the same regiment when young, and the friendship formed at that time had always been kept up by the families. Edward had chosen the profession of the law in preference to the army, which his father recommended, and which most younger sons, of noble families prefer, and had attained an elevated rank in his profession, not only for his great and powerful talents as a speaker, but for his sterling worth and integrity. He possessed a highly intelligent countenance, and

an elegant and manly form, with an insinuating address, which the ladies allowed, to be wholly irresistible. Such was the person, whom Frances in a fit of jealousy, drove from his home, dooming herself to many hours of bitter remorse. Such is ever the effect of headlong passion, it never fails to bring its own punishment. When Frances was informed by her mother, that Edward had in despair left the place with the intention of leaving the kingdom, determined never to return, until cured of his unhappy passion, the absurdity of her conduct, glared upon her; and in an agony, she acknowledged that she had given way to passion, instead of listening to the dictates of reason, which would have suggested, that one who had proved his attachment by his constancy for three years, notwithstanding the undisguised admiration, of many of the most elegant women in the country, would be highly inconsistent, at the very time that he was urging her to name an early day for their marriage, to make an appointment with any one, in which she might not have been included. She immediately sought Ellen, and after asking her forgiveness for, what must have seemed to her, her strangely capricious conduct, informed her of its cause, and requested an explanation, of the words she had heard, which had occasioned so much trouble; not, she said, that she still doubted her Edward's truth, no—she was sure, she had wronged them both! Ellen then very circumstantially related the conversation just as it passed, which drew many repentant tears from Frances, and the idea that Edward was perhaps lost to her forever, caused such agitation that, added to what she had previously suffered, it brought on a fever, and the lovely, blooming Frances, the delight of all beholders, was soon on the brink of the grave; her fond mother and affectionate friend watched over her with a solicitude which knew no intermission; and at length, their unremitting attention, together with the best medical attendance, her youth, and naturally excellent constitution, prevailed over her disorder and she began slowly to recover. She seldom spoke of Edward, but when she *did* it was in terms of the highest respect. Deeply deploring her own folly, she never reflected upon him, for so hastily taking her at her word, though she could not but lament it.

As soon as her strength would permit, she wrote him a long letter, explaining her reasons for her conduct, and desiring him if she retained his esteem after this explanation, to return and accept a hand, which she would give him, with a heart wholly his own. After her letter was written, a difficulty suggested itself—she knew not where to direct, but supposing his banker in London, would probably know his direction, she forwarded it to him, and felt somewhat relieved; reflecting that for *one* fault, although a great one, she could not believe he would be so estranged from her as not to receive this explanation with pleasure, and



immediately return, and this belief, Ellen and her mother encouraged her to indulge; but a month passed away—they heard nothing from Edward, and Frances experienced the bitter pang, of "hope deferred"—she was indeed sick at heart.

(To be Continued.)

FROM THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.  
**THE UNEDUCATED WIFE.**

(Concluded.)

Many weeks passed much in the same manner, and Isidore grew more and more weary of society. She was alone! Her only enjoyment was walking around the estate, comforting the sick, and playing with the children of the tenants. One evening she was returning from such an excursion, and as the sun was setting behind a rich curtain of crimson and gold, she threw herself on a bank under the wall of a summer house, covered with honeysuckle and grape vines, to enjoy the scene. She had not been there long, when she heard voices, and not wishing to be seen, drew still further under the vines.

"It is in vain for you to excuse her, on account of her being young. I tell you, Harcourt she is a beautiful fool; and I pity Fitzgerald most sincerely. He has been fascinated by a pair of bright eyes. Did you see the expression of his face this morning, when some one asked her which was her favourite hero?"

"I did, Campbell, and felt for the distress of his lovely wife; but do you not see that it is her timid sweetness united with her love for him that makes her appear so much embarrassed, and so awkward. She looks upon him as a being of superior order; and her very anxiety not to mortify him, causes half her mistakes? There was no cause for her tears this morning. There are many agreeable and polite women who make their husbands very happy, that know nothing of Julius Cæsar or Alexander; but the timid creature thought she ought to know, and feared that her husband would despise her for her ignorance."

"Well, you will acknowledge she appears like a fool, and that she can never make Fitzgerald happy."

"I fear she never will; but she does not appear like a fool to a close observer. It was unfortunate for her, as well as our friend, that she had not married some poor man; then the duties and cares of her station would have wholly occupied her attention, and she would have been contented; yet I am convinced that she has mind enough if it could be properly strengthened and cultivated. Were she a fool she would be happy here surrounded with every thing, as she is, to please the eye; but you see she is not, and I fear never will be, for Fitzgerald cannot send her away to school. He would not wound her gentle nature; and she has not resolution to leave him for a few years. If she had but a real female friend to advise her, if the mother of Fitzgerald were but alive;

but Caroline Morland is too envious of her beauty ever to be a friend to Isidore."

"I see how it will be; his home will soon be uninteresting to him, and he will travel again; perhaps go to Europe for a few years. Do you think, Harcourt, such a *baby* as she is fit to leave without a protector?"

"But you know, my friend, she will not always be a baby."

"I don't know that; I fear she will: but, soft, here is Fitzgerald coming down the lawn; let's join him."

They left the summer house; and the trembling Isidore, with her heart swelling with grief and mortification almost to agony, remained until they were out of sight; then hastening to her room, she locked the door and gave vent to her feelings. When the servant came to call her to tea, she was really indisposed; she desired him to tell his master, that she was in bed with the head-ache, but should be quite well soon, if left alone. When Fitzgerald retired for the night, she seemed to be in a sweet slumber, and he stood by the window some moments watching the moon over which the fleecy clouds moved rapidly. He saw the spire of the church illumined by its rays. There reposed the bodies of his parents. He sighed deeply.

"Oh! my mother, my highly gifted and accomplished mother," said Albert, "how much I miss you—and I fear—"

Again he sighed, but said no more. Isidore was so much agitated she found it almost impossible to feign sleep. She passed a restless night; but felt more calm in the morning, for her resolution was taken. She had determined to leave her husband: and, much as she loved him, to leave him for ever, unless she could qualify herself for the station in which he had placed her. She was much more composed, and appeared to more advantage than she had since her arrival at the mansion. She felt that she should make a great sacrifice in leaving one who was beloved beyond expression; but the thought gave firmness to her step, and expression to her countenance. An opportunity soon offered to put her design in execution. Fitzgerald concluded to accompany his friends to the city and stay a few weeks, to settle some business.—He knew that his wife and Caroline were invited to make a visit at a country seat some miles distant, and told her when he took leave, to ride, visit, walk and amuse herself in her own way—he should not be gone long. Their visitors had all departed. Caroline said she should go the next day to Mrs. Bensels, as the house was too lonely with no one but Isidore for a companion. 'Now,' thought Isidore, 'is the time.' The first day of Caroline's departure was spent by this disinterested and amiable woman in planning and arranging her dangerous undertaking; the next in packing her clothes, and writing to her husband. She told the old steward that she wished him to speak a passage for her in the stage on

the morrow, as she intended to visit her husband.

"Going alone, madam," he asked; "did not master wish me to take you down in the carriage?"

"No, David: you are to stay here. I shall leave the key of your master's room with you; so you can send us what we wish for in the city."

The old man bowed and retired. She wandered round the rooms, wept long before her husband's picture; but retired early, as the stage was to call for her at seven. The next day she was on her way to the city, towards which she travelled until night, after which it was impossible to get the smallest trace of her.

Fitzgerald returned in a few weeks; and, when he approached his house, was surprised at not seeing his lovely wife even at the window. Caroline was leaning quite over the balcony, and seemed looking for some one. He asked for his wife.

"Your wife? why she went to you three weeks ago!"

Fitzgerald turned pale, and, sinking on the steps, seemed lost in an agony of thought. He summoned all the domestics, but could learn nothing, only that she had left home to join him. He went to her room, examined every thing, but could find no clue to guide him.

"She cannot have left me," said he. "Oh, Isidore! who has torn you from my arms?"

At length, on opening his own desk, he discovered a letter addressed to him in the hand-writing of his wife, and what was his astonishment at learning that she had left him, and—for ever?

Her letter was short but tender and impressive. It concluded by saying, "It will be useless to seek me, for I leave no trace behind; if you hear nothing from me in five years, think me with your blessed mother, and obtain a wife of whom she would not be ashamed. If I can make myself worthy of you I will return."

Fitzgerald was in an agony of grief; he remembered nothing but her artless loveliness; felt a thousand fears for her safety; scoured the country in every direction; spent months in seeking, but without even getting a hint to guide his search beyond the night on which she left the stage. He went up to the log-cabin, but the Indians had heard nothing of her since she sent them presents of blankets, beads for their moccasins, &c.

A year passed away, and Fitzgerald began to think he should never see her more. He left his beautiful residence, where he could not remain, for every thing reminded him of his lost wife and departed mother, and removed to the city.

Year after year rolled on, and the lovely Isidore was forgotten. Even Fitzgerald thought of her only at times, and as a lovely vision that had long since passed away, for he had ceased even to hope that he should ever behold her again.

And where was the heroic girl who had

made such sacrifice for him she loved! It would be beyond the limits of this narrative to relate all the perils she encountered, the toils, the dangers, and the difficulties she overcame before she reached her aunt Waldorff in Germany, where she at last arrived in safety, and was kindly received; for Madam Waldorff, though she had her prejudices, and disliked the Americans, (rebels, as she always called them,) was an elegant and accomplished woman. She entered warmly into the plans of her lovely niece, procured for her every instructor necessary to improve, cultivate and strengthen her really powerful mind; and Isidore was astonished at her own progress. It was indeed rapid, for what will love not accomplish? The first years were entirely devoted to her mind and heart, the last to accomplishments. Music was her favourite among these; and she performed delightfully upon the harp.

She said to her aunt, one day, after playing for her some time,

"I have succeeded on this instrument beyond my most sanguine expectations."

"My dear Isidore," said Madam Waldorff, "I am pleased and proud of your progress; but I shall grieve to part with you. I have often, since your arrival, lamented that I did not take you from your grandfather; but I felt vexed that your father should have been urged from his home, and thought the general deserved all the anxiety he felt. I have long since overcome such feelings, and now, my dear child, you are wound round my heart so firmly, that it will ache to part with you. I have seen for some time that your thoughts are wandering to that dear one for whom all your exertions have been made. You are anxious to see your husband in your assumed character, and, though I dislike all deceit, I think if it ever was excusable, it is in your situation. I have a friend in whom I can confide, on the eve of embarking for America. You shall go with him as a relation, which you really are, though distant. He knows your story, and will aid you in every way. You shall see your husband. He cannot know you, for you are no more like the little trembler that came here five years ago, than I am."

"How good you are, my more than mother. Do you think my husband will not know me?" said Isidore, as she walked up to a large mirror. "I am very tall now, and have, I believe a rather more dignified and womanly appearance. But he will know me by my hair, which is of a peculiar colour."

"I think not; beside, my dear, you can easily conceal it with a head-dress."

"Ah, true, but I shall betray myself, dearest aunt, by my emotions."

"Isidore, have you overcome so many difficulties, shown yourself so superior to most of your sex, and have you not yet learned to control and conceal your own feelings? Be yourself, my child, and all will be well."



"I wonder if Mr. Campbell, when he now sees me, will recognize the *baby*, the *fool*." Isidore blushed as she said this, for she did not exactly like the resentment that rose in her bosom. "Alas, my dear aunt, I have so many faults and foibles yet to correct! for I would not return with any feelings but those of affection and tenderness towards my friends. My only wonder is, that my husband ever could have loved me. But now, I am sure that I am worthy of his love; sure that I can make him happy; sure that I possess, in the resources of my own mind, treasures that, but for your kind attention to me, when I came a little ignorant child to your bosom, would have been lost for ever."

Isidore left her kind aunt soon after this conversation, with the friend she mentioned, and was on her return to America. \* \* \*

"Can you tell me, Emma," said Major Harcourt to his wife, as he seated himself beside her on a sofa, "who that elegant-looking female is, leaning on an elderly gentleman's arm, by the door?"

"Yes; it is the beautiful stranger I told you of; a relation of Mr. Weiland's the great Holland merchant; and some say, heiress to his immense wealth. She is very much admired. Is she not lovely?"

"Exquisitely beautiful indeed, and uncommonly graceful. I have been watching her for some time."

"Come, I will introduce you to her, Henry; she is as intelligent and accomplished as she is beautiful. But you seem amazingly struck. See, your earnest gaze has quite disconcerted her; that fair face is covered with blushes, and she has turned to her protector, with whom she is conversing very earnestly."

Harcourt felt a singular interest in this beautiful stranger, and said,

"Let us follow her, Emma. I never saw but one being that interested me half so much;" looking expressively at his wife, and pressing her arm as he spoke. They were soon by the side of the person who had attracted their observation, where they spent an hour delightfully. Emma promised to call for Miss Walstein next day, to walk on the Battery, and Major Harcourt, as they rode home, declared he had never conversed with a more intelligent and agreeable woman.

"My dear husband," said Emma, "if I was at all inclined to be jealous, I think I have some little cause for it now, for you have appeared perfectly fascinated with Miss Walstein, and have scarcely taken your eyes from her face."

"Indeed, Emma, she reminds me so much of some one I have seen, though for the life of me I cannot tell who, that I thought we must have met before; but it cannot be, as she told me it was her first visit to this city. I will go with you to-morrow, and take Campbell; he will lose his heart, you may be sure, as she is exactly the woman I have heard him often

describe and wish to obtain."—Emma smiled.

"Why that smile? Do you not agree with me?"

"I think, my dear husband, your sudden and warm admiration is not consistent with your usual prudence and judgment."

"True, true; and I will say no more. Albert would have a fair right to laugh at me, should he know of my sudden and warm admiration of a beautiful woman."

The conversation then dropped. Emma told her husband that Campbell had called to say adieu; he was to sail for France in the morning.

Major Harcourt had made a most judicious choice when he selected from the beautiful and accomplished women that he visited, Emma Green. She was rather plain in her person, though graceful and elegant in her manners. He was sure of an agreeable companion, for her mind was well cultivated, and her disposition amiable.

Often would Fitzgerald, who was very intimate there, when he witnessed their perfect union and happiness, sigh and say,

"Ah, Harcourt, why was I so weak as to be fascinated by beauty alone? The voice of the good old general still sounds in my ears: 'son of my friend, do nothing rashly.' Why did I not listen to his advice?"

"My dear Albert you have learned a useful lesson, and I hope your next choice will do you honour."

"I shall never marry again," replied Fitzgerald.

In a few weeks Sophia Walstein and Mr. Weiland were familiar guests at Major Harcourt's.

"I think," said Emma to her husband, "that Fitzgerald rather avoids us of late. I met him this morning as we were walking in Broadway, and introduced Sophia to him; but he had little opportunity of seeing her as her veil was down, and none of conversing with her, as she was seized with one of those fits of trembling that alarmed me so much the day you returned with him from the country. I hope she is not nervous. Albert ordered his carriage, and the ride soon restored her. I wish he would become acquainted with her. She is exactly calculated to make him happy, and it is quite idle to suppose he will ever hear from Isidore."

"I think as you do, Emma; but still his situation is an embarrassing one, as it would be dreadful indeed to marry one woman, and be claimed by another."

"True, true, Henry; but it is now almost six years since she left him; and could he obtain this lovely creature, he would be fortunate indeed. I never saw any one so much admired, and so worthy of admiration, that valued it so little. She prefers a social evening with me to the most splendid party, and a game at romps with your pet, Albert, to a walk with our most fascinating beaux. To-morrow she spends the day with us, and I am

to send for her harp. Bring Fitzgerald home with you, and say nothing of our guest."

"I will," replied Harcourt.

After a day of social and refined enjoyment with her new friends, at evening Miss Walstein took her harp. She was playing a Scotch air when Harcourt came home with Fitzgerald. They stood some time at the open door, charmed with the melody. The latter seemed spell-bound. Was it the music that entranced him or was he admiring the beautiful creature that touched the strings with her white and delicate fingers? His eager and admiring gaze delighted Emma, and she spoke to him:—"The music ceased, and the fair musician hung over the instrument, pale and trembling. Her agitation was attributed to fatigue from playing so long; but she soon recovered herself. Fitzgerald was constantly examining her face, when he could do so without absolute rudeness, though after an hour spent in her society, he listened more than he looked, for he thought her uncommonly agreeable—still he appeared thoughtful, and at every pause in the conversation quite dull.

Days and weeks passed, and Fitzgerald visited Sophia Walstein every day,

"Harcourt," said he, "you have drawn me into the society of this charming woman, whom it is impossible to know and not to love; and yet, whom it would be dishonourable for me to seek to obtain. Why do you smile? Do not trifle with me, Henry; you know not the struggle between my attachment and my sense of honour. I sometimes wish I had never seen her."

"I would not trifle with you, Albert; but you must have discovered Sophia's preference for you. Why not declare yourself?"

"Are you mad, Harcourt? Am I not a married man? The lost Isidore is forgotten by the world: her beauties and her virtues buried in oblivion; but I cannot forget the tenderness with which I once almost adored her. Yet I love Sophia, devotedly, ardently. There is something about her, though I have never mentioned it before, that often reminds me of Isidore. The expression of her eyes sometimes, when she gazes on me; the tone of her voice, particularly when it is a tone of tenderness, brings the artless, self-sacrificing creature before me, so forcibly that her name is involuntarily on my lips. It was this resemblance that first drew me to her; but it is her noble, cultivated, and accomplished mind, and lovely, amiable temper, that irresistibly attach me to Sophia Walstein. It has become almost impossible for me to conceal my feelings towards her, and this night I will tell her my history. It may be unavailing, and perhaps selfish; but I cannot resist the impulse that prompts me. If she despises and avoids me, I can but relinquish her society, which is already become so dangerous to my peace of mind, and quit a country in which I seem doomed to meet with nothing but sorrow and mortification."

Fitzgerald walked the apartment in an agony of doubt and anxiety. Harcourt endeavoured to soothe him, by telling him to fear nothing, and striving to convince him that he might indulge his attachment and seek its return with honour; but he continued pacing the room until the servant announced Miss Walstein, when he took his hat and rushed into the street.

He returned more composed, and, seating himself beside the object of all this solicitude, attempted in vain to converse with his accustomed freedom. Sophia was talking of the importance of education to females.

"Will you hear my story, Miss Walstein?" at length he somewhat abruptly said. "It is a melancholy illustration of what you have just been saying; but I think I can tell it to you, though I scarcely know why I ask you to listen to it."

She turned very pale, and trembled excessively when he spoke of his wife; her artless loveliness, his regret and sorrow for her loss, and his long search for her. She looked on him with a tenderness that assured him he was beloved. Still he became embarrassed as he began to speak of himself.

"This," said he, taking Isidore's last letter from his pocket, "will explain what—my—"

Sophia started from her chair, threw off her head-dress that confined her luxuriant tresses, and letting the rich glossy ringlets fall over her neck and shoulders, cried,

"Well, well do I know the contents of that letter; Albert, my dear, beloved husband!" and sank almost lifeless into his arms!

He gazed on her as if he doubted the evidence of his senses, then pressing her to his heart, exclaimed,

"Isidore! My wife!" with such a frantic cry of joy, that Harcourt and Emma rushed into the apartment.

To describe the surprise and happiness of all interested, would be impossible.

"Dear Isidore," said Fitzgerald, when they were all quietly settled, "how could a young, timid, and ignorant girl—pardon me for the word—leave her home, her husband, and thus alone travel to Germany, without leaving any trace behind? It was the last place in the world I should have sought for you, as I knew you had a perfect dread of Madam Waldorff, on account of her treatment to your grandfather."

"True, Albert; but he told me in his last moments, if I never saw you again, to go to her; and said she was noble and well educated, though proud. I knew she was rich, and had ample means to do for me all I wished. Had you examined your old wardrobe, you would have missed two suits of boy's clothes, that your mother had preserved, because, as you told me, your life had been saved in one, and the other you wore on your return from your first absence; these I wore after the first day, cutting off my hair, and staining my skin.



You could not have known me yourself. You ask how I could leave you? To make the effort, it needed all the consciousness I felt of my unworthiness for the station in which you had placed me; needed all the misery that I constantly suffered, and the mortification I caused you. Oh, Albert! before I could summon resolution to leave you, I heard myself called a fool! yes, a fool, and by your best friends. I do not wonder at it; for how can any one perfectly uneducated, and ignorant even of the most common things, appear other than a fool, in the most intelligent and polished society? Riches may dazzle, and beauty may fascinate, but a highly intelligent and cultivated man cannot long love an ignorant woman; and you will acknowledge that it is a dangerous experiment for any such man, to take an uneducated girl, however beautiful, for a wife."

"Yes, yes, my love, I will," said Fitzgerald, "unless every woman were an ISIDORE."

### MISCELLANEOUS.

"Variety we still pursue,  
"In pleasure seek for something new."

### REVERSE OF FORTUNE.

When Amer, who had conquered Persia and Tartary, was defeated and taken prisoner, by Ismail, he sat on the ground, and a soldier prepared a coarse meal to appease his hunger. As this was boiled in one of the pots used for the food of the horses, a dog put his head into it, but the mouth of the vessel being too small, he could not draw it out again, and ran away with the pot and the meat. The captive monarch burst into a fit of laughter, and on his guards demanding what cause upon earth could induce a person in his situation to laugh, replied, "It was but this morning the steward of my household complained, that three hundred camels were not enough to carry my kitchen furniture, how easily it is now borne by that dog, who hath carried away both my cooking instruments and dinner."

The Parisian ladies of the *haut ton* are positively running wild, to procure some of the newly invented *papierlinge* manufactured by Messrs. Mengollier and Beaujeu. Damask table cloths and napkins, as fine, brilliant, soft to the touch as the best Silesian linen, made of this new material, have been sold at Lyons for the price of mere paper, of which they intrinsically consist, and if sent back when soiled, the half of the original price paid has been returned to the purchaser;—sheets of a texture to satisfy Ann of Austria, who used to find the finest cambric too irritating for her complexion—embroidered *tulles*, for light draperies and ball dresses, and imitating silk, to hang round drawing rooms—the paper texture of which cannot be detected even by the touch—are now selling at from four to five sous the French yard, and in the greatest perfection. The last-mentioned article is stamped with graceful *arabes-*

*ques*, in various colors. The solidity and brilliancy of this curious new manufacture are said to equal its beauty and delicate texture.

**How to be rich.**—Nothing is more easy, says Mr. Paulding, than to grow rich. It is only to trust nobody—to befriend none—to get every thing, and save all we get—to stint ourselves, and every body belonging to us—to be the friend of no man, and have no man for our friend—to heap interest upon interest, cent upon cent—to be mean, miserable, and despised, for some twenty or thirty years—and riches will come as sure as disease and disappointment.

### RURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1829.

### NEW AGENTS.

*New York.*—James A. Stewart, Monticello; Lucius E. Gibbs, Troy; Otis Hunt, Eaton; Eli Maynard, Utica; Thomas Hall, West Bloomfield.

*Connecticut.*—Cyrus Chatfield, Woodbury.

*Massachusetts.*—Summer Clark, Worcester.

*Ohio.*—C. B. Woodruff, Esq. Wilmington.

We regret that the remarks which appeared in our first number on a piece entitled "Our Saviour Stilling the Tempest," should for a moment have been regarded by our friend "Osmar" as alluding to his much superior production on the same subject; and assure him that those remarks were made in reference, and intended exclusively to apply to a boyish effusion, which, though not without some merit, considered as such, we have concluded not to publish. This explanation will we hope prove satisfactory to our esteemed correspondent and remove any false impressions which may exist on the subject in the minds of others.

### MARRIED,

In this city, on the 8th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Sluyter, Mr. John Melius, jr. of Claverack, to Miss Ellen Harder, of this city.

On the 10th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Chester, Mr. Quender P. Schuyler, of Ithaca, to Miss Maria H. Ten Broeck, daughter of Nicholas Ten Broeck, Esq. of this city.

At Athens, on the 14th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Prentiss, Mr. Matthias Van Hoesen, of Tully, to Miss Susan Tolley, of the former place.

At the same place, on the 16th inst. by the same Rev. gentleman, Mr. Lambert Van Valkenburgh, of Coxsack, to Miss Harriet A. Haviland, of Athens.

At the same place, on the 17th inst. by the same Rev. gentleman, Mr. William A. Smith, to Miss Mary Ann Haviland, all of Athens.

At Boston, on Thursday evening, Charles Adams, Esq. youngest son of Ex-President Adams, to Miss Abby Brooks, daughter of the Hon. P. C. Brooks.

On the 8th inst. at Coxsack, by the Rev. Mr. Seales, Mr. Edward E. Thurber, Merchant of Troy, of the firm of Smith & Thurber to Miss Judith Ann Spoor, of the former place.

At New Hartford, Conn. on the 1st inst. Mr. Alfred Copeland, of Hartford, to Miss Emma A. Houd.

### DIED,

At Hillsdale, on the 6th inst. Mrs. Louisa wife of Henry Loop, Esq. in the 55th year of her age.

In New-York, on the 10th inst. Mrs. Ann M. Mulden, aged 43, widow of the late Michael Mulden, formerly of this city.

At Moreau, Saratoga co. on the 7th inst. Katharine, wife of Nicholas W. Angle, Esq. aged 56 years and 4 days, of the consumption, after a long and severe illness.



## POETRY.

### FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY. TO ———.

Though many dull cares may beset me  
Before I behold thee again,  
Yet think not I e'er can forget thee  
Till reason has broken her chain.  
No, never—a heart that has cherish'd  
True love for a being like thee,  
Will love on, till each feeling has perished,  
And memory ceases to be.  
Thy throbbing and soft-heaving bosom,  
Thy flowing and negligent curl,  
Thy cheek, with the rose's fresh blossom,  
First made me admire thee, sweet girl.  
But though these are angel-like, lovely,  
And thy heart is pure, ardent and kind,  
Yet ne'er did I know how to love thee,  
Till I learned the sweet traits in thy mind.  
Then though many dull cares may beset me,  
Before I behold thee again,  
Yet think not I e'er can forget thee,  
Till reason has broken her chain. HENRY.

### FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.

#### *Extracts from an unfinished Poem.*

Dark lowered the outlaw's brow, he knew  
The hoary headed seer spoke true,  
For oft he'd sought this seer before;  
And heard him, while his kindling eye  
Glanced deep into futurity,  
Recount his visions o'er and o'er.—  
"Prophet!" he cried, "full well I see  
The day of grace is lost to me;  
Full well I know with deadliest hate,  
Like tigers for their prey;  
Each chieftain seeks to link my fate,  
With dungeon cell and prison gate,  
Pining in chains away.  
And yet 'tis well! it were not meet  
The pall, the knell, the winding sheet  
Wait on my lingering death;  
And while this yet unshackled hand  
Can draw the sword, or wield the brand,  
Free will I draw my breath.  
Nor stoop I of my foes to crave  
A peaceful death, a quiet grave,—  
The desperado holds his life  
For rancorous feud, for deadly strife,—  
For thoughts whose agonizing pain,  
Shiver the heart and scathe the brain,—  
For sights at which though clad in mail,  
The craven's hand and heart would quail.  
No! let them hunt from steep to steep  
The outlaw's life in cavern deep,  
And fill each pass to mountain glen,  
And deep ravine with armed men,  
Yet, lion like, at bay;  
In tangled heath and forest shade,  
In the wild lair his foes have made,  
With desperate hand and daring blade  
He couches for his prey."  
The outlaw seemed in angry mood,  
His language harsh, his manners rude,  
And an undaunted hardihood  
Upon his brow of care;

A sunny clime had swarthed his face,  
Yet an observing eye might trace  
When doffed his casque and visor case,  
Deep lines of sorrow there.  
His morion plume of crimson dye  
Shaded but ill his forehead high,  
While his dark brow and piercing eye  
Seemed fitted to command;  
A horseman's cloak was o'er him flung,  
His ponderous sword behind him swung,  
A dagger at his girdle hung,  
Obtained in Paynim land.  
His mail seemed worn in desperate fight,  
Sword hacks were on his cuirass bright,  
But of such true and tempered steel  
It seemed no shock of foes to feel.—  
His iron frame all toil could bear,  
His was the hand and soul to dare;  
He boasted deeds of blood abroad,  
Knew no religion, feared no God. Z.

### EPIGRAM.

Says Jesse, "Tim, now can you tell  
How lawyers do to dress so well?"  
Says Tim, "O Yes, you may rely on't  
To get a *Suit* they strip a Client,"  
Says Aleck, "No; they closer nip him—  
They first obtain the suit; then strip him."

### ENTIGMAS.

"And justly the wise man thus preached to us all,  
"Despise not the value of things that are small."

#### *Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.*

PUZZLE I.—A Sign.

PUZZLE II.—Because they reduce the fare—*fair*.

### NEW PUZZLES.

#### I.

Down underneath the starry sky  
There did a creature dwell;  
(The sacred scriptures testify,  
And holy writings tell.)  
God gave him life and being, so  
That he was free from sin;  
And down unto the grave should go,  
Not to return again.  
Yet in him was a living soul  
That ascends to God on high,  
And enters into bliss or woe,  
To all eternity.

But yet in heaven he shall not find  
A dwelling or a place;  
Nor unto judgment shall he come,  
To hear his sentence passed.

#### II.

What am I who possess the power  
To alter thus—O shocking!—  
Though properly I am a shoe  
I may be made a stocking?

### PRINTING.

Books, Pamphlets, Checks, Cards, Blanks, Hand-bills, &c. &c. neatly and expeditiously executed at this office, upon reasonable terms.

### RURAL REPOSITORY.

Is printed and published every other Saturday at One Dollar per annum, payable in advance, by WILLIAM B. STODDARD, at Ashbel Stoddard's Printing Office and Book Store, No. 135, Corner of Warren and Third Streets, Hudson—where communications may be left, or transmitted through the post office.  
All Orders and Communications must be post paid to receive attention.